# JUDGE

# True Story

November 23, 1929

Believe It or NOT

Number

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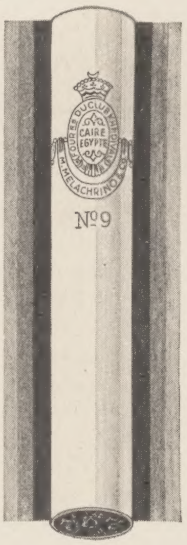


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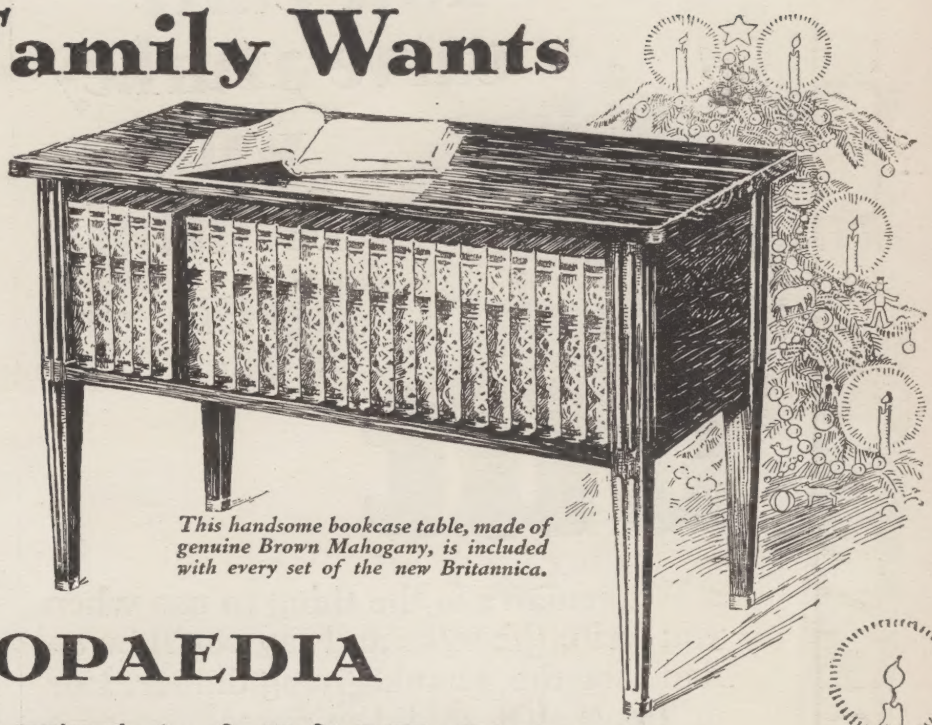

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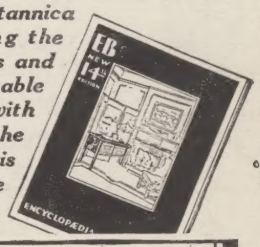


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## JUDGING THE BOOKS

With its recommendation of Donald Clarke's toughie, "Louis Beretti," this dep't closes its doors officially to all underworld stories. Hereafter it proposes, in Louis' quaint jargon, to "keep its nose clean" and devote itself to the Peter Rabbitt series. It is getting fed up with nymphy molls, happy-dust sniffers, murders, oily-haired wop bootleggers and sentences like "Grease Ball called him a lousy so and so and shot him five times, spitting twice at the blood which ran down a flagstone crack, making a little puddle over a dirty word some kid had chalked." This dep't now knows enough about crime to plot and execute a big-payroll robbery singlehanded—but for its congenital honesty and the fact it wouldn't know what to do with the money aside from paying off, reluctantly, some debts. But "Louis Beretti" is genuinely entertaining. It is five ways Hemingway; Louis is as sweet a playboy as ever blew kerosene over a lighted match into the face of a Mott St. "mule," slapped a moll on the rump in pure pleasure, and, between blood-letting, worshipped his mother and his church. The scene reeks of the mock-heroics, the egocentricity, the humorless and the sloppy sentimentality of the New York gangster. The—beg pardon—sex is handled unafraid. Try it over on your machine-gun.

Paul de Kruif's "Seven Iron Men" would be just the book to console you in your stock bereavement. It is the true story of the Merritts, Minnesota pioneers, who discovered the Missabe Iron Range, gleaned millions from it, only to lose them to Wall Street. The individual vs. the Whaling Wall St. gobblers. In other words, you can't win, keep your money in a sock under a loose board or turn never-broke broker. This isn't a book with a grudge. It is dramatic history with iron in its lines. Geological grandeur at times is its hero.

Max Lief's "Hangover" seems to be Scott Fitzgerald gone Broadway, or Love Among the Press Agents. Max crowds a bit too much strip poker which doesn't shock and old Winchellisms into his intimate closeups of the Shuberts for our taste and his free-mention list needs editing. It is inside stuff that doesn't quite get into the boudoir. But read it. It is a complete guide to that dull, shoptalking, aimlessly wisecracking group that has Sardi for lunch and Ward Morehouse for supper. It is what *Variety* reporters would call "real literachoor."

—Ted Shane

*Judge's Burlesque of*

# True Story

JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor*
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
RICHARD J. WALSH
*Contributing Editors*
JACK CLUETT, *Associate Editor*
SIDNEY S. LENZ

## *You Can't Have Your Coke and Eat It*

*By BARE MACADAM*

"WALL-FLOWER!"

How many girls, powdering their noses behind a hanging or group of rubber-plants at a dance, have heard this epithet lightly bestowed on them by a swarm of laughing swains!

Every vibrant woman loves the attentions of men, the old-world courtliness, the gentle pressure of their hands in some expensive cabaret with subdued rose-colored lights, black velvet-covered walls and gold silk-draped ceilings as the saxophone warbles with agonizing voluptuousness a passionate memory and the 'cello moans its hot-house fragrance as tantalizing and elusive as tender nostalgias.

What radiantly alive woman has not dreamed of a gallant young Galahad in shining armor on a prancing steed pouring sweet nothings into her rosy ears as the subtle music of guitars tinkles 'neath a magic Spanish moon?

Alas! many dream romances have been built on the insecure foundation of a muddy complexion or splay feet, soon to topple when the cold light of reality filters through the windows of your love nest.

Will your natural womanly allure draw him back or will he too dismiss you with an airy "She's just a 'wall-flower', Mother; why, she hain't even got no native poise!"

Are you gawky, ill-fed, shuffling, niggardly, verbose, obtuse, chauvinistic, slovenly, resurgent, diffuse, or a common carrier? Are you witless, befuddled, brash, callow, a manic-depressive, born under Sagittarius; in short, witch ridden?

Do not attempt to find dewy sweetness and twinkling charm in beauty parlors, but follow a few simple rules of correct living.

Stay indoors as much as possible and eat more flaky and starchy foods. Sleep till three in the afternoon and bathe your Rand-McNally daily with a bottle of olive-oil.

Cleopatra never crawled through the underbrush on her hands and knees hunting for golf balls. She hadn't seen her knees for years. Her idea of exercise was reaching for another chocolate-covered almond.

But she was Cleopatra, and with your start you too can be something.

Begin now on a sensible diet of nut fudge with whipped cream and angel-food cake with marshmallow icing, and watch the men buzz round you like flies at your next social appearance.

You may have a task sorting out the men from the flies; you may even decide to throw away the men and keep the flies. Suit yourself; at least the flies can't call you wall-flower, and you will have had some fun stuffing yourself.

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# Steam

By
S. J. Perelman

*Swept along by the rhythm of the music, I forgot everything in Edmond's sinewy arms*

Today was the fifth anniversary of our marriage, and when Bob took me out on the front stoop of our love cottage and showed me the richly upholstered four-door sedan he had bought for me, I could not refrain from throwing my arms around him and hugging him with all my might.

"Oh, Bob darling, you are a sweet!" I exclaimed cordially, "I knew you would not forget me, you dear boy!"

"Pshaw, forget you, silly?" laughed Bob. "Look here!" And he drew from his pocket a sparkling lavallière of twelve flawless imitation moonsteins which fitted my neck like a glove. About to embrace him again, he led me back into our "snuggle room," as we whimsically call our parlor. There on the tapestry of our Finkenberg davenport reposed a magnificent Jewish broadtail wrap, and in its folds the deed of a summer hotel in the Adirondacks I had some day hoped to possess. My elation knew no bounds.

The small suburban community of Chitterlings knows us only as Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sterling, its most devoted young couple. But that was not always our name. In the days when first I—but let me go back to the beginning of my tale.

I was the youngest daughter of an aristocratic Southern family which had fallen on evil days. I can still recall the tall pillars in front of our stately plantation home, the songs of the negroes round their fires when they returned from the fields, and the songs of the negroes round their fires when they returned from the fields. But then came the day when my father, a colonel of the old school, saw his home go under the hammer, and died of a broken heart. I determined to make my own way in the world, and a few days later found myself penniless in a large Northern city which I shall call New York, though that is not its real name.

For days I haunted employment agencies without success, despite my rare winsomeness and charm. Finally I secured a position as domestic for a wealthy retired ship-chandler named Harms. His wife was a mother to me, but try as I would I could not keep out of Harms' way. On numerous occasions he attempted to embrace me in the vestibule. One day he surprised me whilst dressing a turkey and rained passionate kisses on my lips and neck. I told him to stop raining, and his reply was to draw from his pocket the floor plan of a penthouse which could be mine for the asking.

"You beast!" were my only words several weeks later as I regretfully refused his proposal.

Then began another weary round of job-hunting, rewarded at last by a position as hostess in a large Broadway dance-palace. I was a natural-born dancer and was soon the most popular amongst the many girls there. One evening a girl chum introduced me to a strange young man.

"I want you to meet Edmond Dreyfus," she suggested. "This is my girl friend, Mona Low."

# *boat Madness*

***A fragile girl child on the mighty "Father of Waters"—and, far above her station, the aristocrat she loved, DeLacey Horowitz.***

***What would you have done?***

As he acknowledged the introduction I felt the subtle caress of his eyes on my cheek. He seemed different from the other electricians I had met. Drifting away into the intricate maze of the Chicago boom-boom, I was conscious of his manicured hands and boyish smile. That he was one of New York's "Four Hundred" was evident, for his handkerchief was spotless and not once did he pick his teeth whilst we wooed the goddess Terpsichore. He was a scion of a noble family in every sense of the word. He told me he was a tuba-player and earned good money.

Then began a furious courtship, and slowly I felt our good-palship deepen into love. Sometimes he would bring along his tuba and play soft haunting things from the great operas. Although I prefer jazz to classical, nevertheless I was broadminded and I even got so fond of the old composers I used to beg Edmond to play Victor Herbert's pieces for me. And it was after he finished playing gems from "Naughty Marietta" one night that I blushingly consented to share his lot in the cemetery.

Our first three months of married life were one long dream of bliss. Edmond showered me with small attentions and honeyed words. He pressed fruit, flowers, novels, handbags, and Cuban heels on me. Our little "nook" seemed like a veritable "Lover's Manor" as I fluttered about busily preparing Edmond's supper in my Dutch apron.

But soon the worm of disillusion began to gnaw on the apple of contentment. Edmond was away several evenings, ostensibly to give tuba recitals, but I knew that he was not telling me the truth, for he had left his tuba home. His homecomings grew less and less frequent, and when I saw him his eyes held a feverish light which mystified me. For days I sat plunged in the depths. Little by little I found myself stealing over to his tuba and practising on it. I spent my few pennies on lessons and made rapid progress.

Then, like a thunderclap, Edmond returned home one night after an absence of eight days, and I read the awful truth in his swollen peepers. Opium, that seductive siren, had finally ensnared him, and my Edmond was a slave to the poppy. He confessed that he had procured the noxious drug from one Quong Lee, an unscrupulous Oriental trafficker in men's souls. But already Edmond had revolted from the insidious bondage of the hasheesh. He packed his satchel with a few necessities and kissed me hungrily. Then without a word he walked out into the night.

After I had dried my tears I again resumed my work in the dance-hall and attempted to forget Edmond in my tuba-lessons. Came the moment when my teacher drew me aside and said:

"I haf taught you all I know. You must now gif a recital."

"But—but I am a mere novice——" I stammered.

"My child," he said, shaking his fine old German head, "My child, you haf genius—what we Germans call *kaltë farfel.* You will go far."

The night of my début came all too soon. When I walked nervously upon the platform and saw the bejeweled and bejowled members of New York's upper crust waiting expectantly, I trembled like a leaflet on sex. But I steeled myself to my task, and as the first sweet notes of Brooks Cowing's immortal classic, "Singing in the Drain," issued dreamily from my tuba, I heard a surprised murmur of delight sweep over my audience.

Why bother to recount the triumph that followed? After the applause and the shouts of the critics died down, I sat once more amid the flowers in my dressing-room, a tear welling in my eyes as I thought of Edmond. A knock on the door interrupted my reverie. I murmured a mechanical "Come in." As I lifted my eyes slowly, I saw Edmond standing in the

(*Con. on pg.* 26)

*In those long dreary evenings the soft strains of the tuba were my only solace*

# I Was the Only

## An Unpublished Chapter from *"Salt Water Taffy"*

### *By* JUNE TRIPLETT

### *As revealed to* Corey Ford

*Kindly sailors showed me some of the mysteries of the sea.*

Now and then the painted girls of the waterfront gaze at me curiously in my old dungarees and torn sweater.

"Poor little girl-thing," they say pityingly. "Don't you ever wish for lace petticoats and dainty finery? Don't you ever hanker for intoxicating music and wine? Don't you yearn to dance with someone who caresses you and breathes honeyed words of passion into your scented ear? Don't you long to know about Life?"

I only shake my head and gaze at them sadly. Weak landlubbers! how can they understand the lure of the sea? What do they know of life in the raw? For seventeen years I lived, ate and slept in the fo'c'stle, a lone girl-thing among a crew of twenty-three mate-hungry mariners; and it was this carefree existence which really taught me to be broad. My music was the wash of waves under the bow. My wine was the taste of salt spray. My only caress was the rise and fall of a frayed rope's end on my rear. Yet I would not have changed places with these pampered girls of the waterfront for all the honeyed words of passion ever breathed.

For I have known what it was to lie on the beach and watch the famous Dance of the Virgins on No-Men Atoll. I have known what it was to lie aloft in the brizzl'm'st shrouds while the tropic breeze pressed burning kisses to my cheek (at least, I *think* it was a tropic breeze pressing burning kisses. I remember that it had a pair of big rubber boots on). I have known what it was to lie in my bunk at night while the kindly sailors showed me some of the mysteries of the sea. I have known what it was to lie—but why need I say more?

I was but a mere babe-in-arms (Father had me pack a 38 revolver even as a mere babe—he said, just in case) when I joined the crew of the *Minnie J. Cohan,* and during my first seventeen years in the fo'c'stle I picked up a lot of interesting things from the crew, such as where to reef a gaff tops'l, how to tie several sailor knots, and what causes the tides. Naturally the question of Sex never came up during the course of this time; nothing could have been further from the innocent sailors' minds as we took off our clothes and swam together in the pearly lagoons of the South Seas, and as for myself I grew up in total ignorance of whether I was a girl-thing or a boy-thing or just thing. Indeed I might never have known about Sex at all had it not been for a tiny incident which occurred on my seventeenth birthday.

It seems we had been cruising the South Seas for a year, searching for typhoons, which were then in great demand in the States for use in theatre ventilating-machines, and one day I walked forward to Father carrying something in my arms.

"Father," I asked him. "What's this?"

"It's a baby," he gasped in astonishment. "Where did you get it?"

"I just had it," I explained.

Father glanced at me suspiciously.

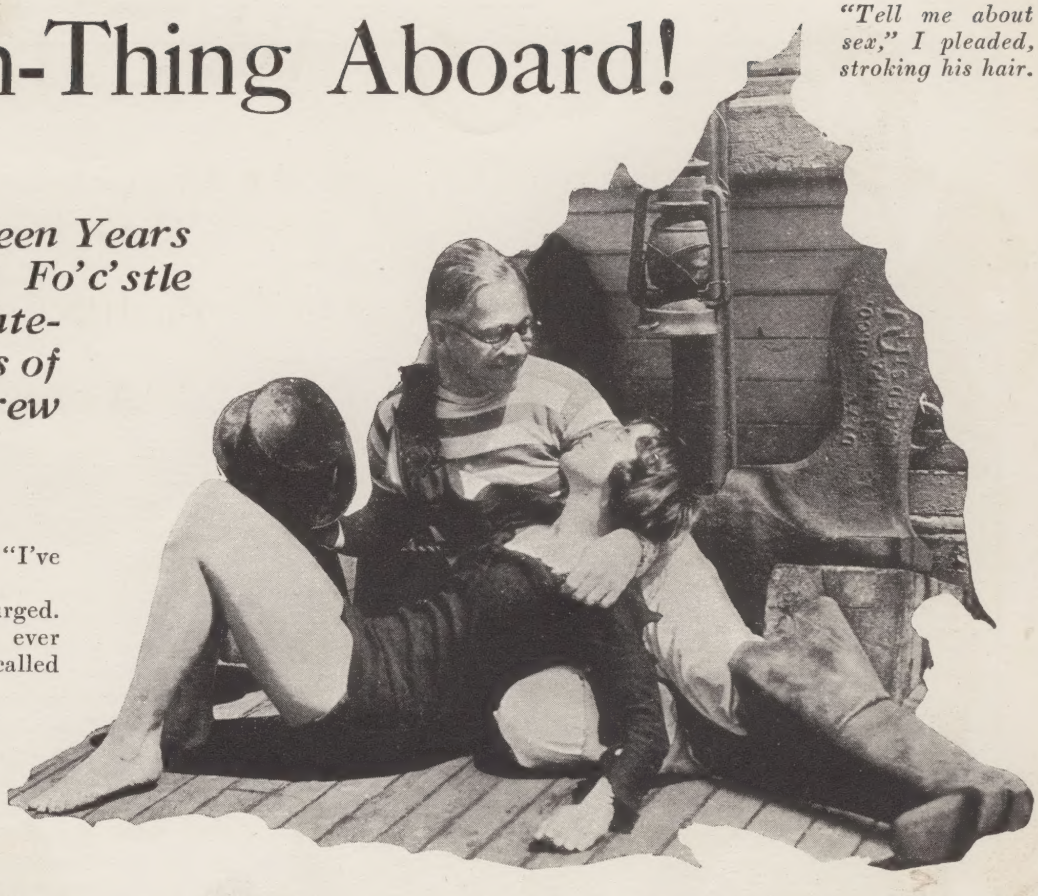
"How did that happen?"

"I don't know," I said. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"June," he said sternly, "you've been keeping something from me."

# Woman-Thing Aboard!

## *Yet for Seventeen Years I lived in the Fo'c'stle Among the Mate-Hungry Sailors of My Father's Crew*



*"Tell me about sex," I pleaded, stroking his hair.*

"No, Father," I insisted, "I've told you everything."

"Think back, June," he urged. "Did one of the sailors ever happen to mention a thing called Sex?"

"No, Father," I said earnestly. I never heard of Sex."

"*Something* must have happened," said Father peevishly.

"No, Father," I repeated. "Nothing happened."

Father scratched his head thoughtfully. "Well, maybe *I'm* wrong," he said, opening his encyclopedia to "S" and burying himself in his books; and the little incident was soon forgotten. Yet it had served to open my eyes to a new and hitherto unsuspected world about me; and I determined to discover more about this mysterious thing called Sex which Father had mentioned. Unfortunately none of the crew was able to help me.

*We swam together in the pearly lagoons of the South Seas.*

What is Sex?" I asked "Horrible" Olsen, the first mate, while sitting in his lap one night.

"I don't know," he sighed, putting his arms around me. "I never heard of it, either."

"Oh, yes, you have, too," I pouted. "You're just saying that."

"No, I'm not," he said. "I don't know any more about Sex than you do."

Vulgar, the second mate, was equally uncommunicative. We were sitting in a life-boat together, as it happened, and he was embracing me tenderly.

"Tell me about Sex," I pleaded, stroking his hair.

"I'm sorry, June," he sighed. "I'm just a simple sailor, and like all simple sailors I am a man of actions and not words. And please don't talk so loud or you'll wake up your Father."

Even old Britches was not of much use to me in my search for knowledge.

"Sex is an abstract quantity," he said. "Sex is the frost on the pumpkin, the dew on the lily, the first blush on a maiden's cheek. Sex is power. Sex is truth. Sex is two times three. Sex is everywhere. Birds have it. Beasts have it. Fish have it. Even the angleworm has it," he concluded, "provided you look at it from the right angle."

"Have I got it?" I asked.

"I was coming to that," said old Britches gently.

At length I determined to lay the whole problem before Father. I handed him the frayed rope's end, stretched myself upside down across his knee, and smiled

(*Continued on page* 29)

## CLUB LIFE IN AMERICA

*The Traveling Salesmen*

# Ties of Steel and Love

## A Chapter in the Life of Rosie Jo Sayre

***For a thousand shares of General Motors she agreed to use her beauty to ensnare this wealthy victim.***

***And then came the crash!!!***

*On and on into the storm-tossed night plunged the Iron Horse, with Madcap Charlie at the throttle.*

I THINK that I can safely say that I am entitled to the name of Mammy's Little Coal-Black Rose, if ever a girl was entitled to it. In the first place we children always called the grim, saturnine woman who smacked our heads "Mammy." In the second place, I was always (and still am) small for my age. In the third place, my name is Rosie. And finally, as father was an engineer on the Delaware, Lackawanna we were given little lumps of coal to cut our teeth on instead of the nice, clean rubber rings most children have, and as Father's coal was bituminous, or soft, coal the dust frequently rubbed off on our tiny faces and hands and little bodies, so that we were coal black most of the time.

My first memory of Father, or Charley, as all we children called him, was of a good-natured, lazy slob standing in the cab of the locomotive teasing the horses and cows along the railroad tracks by hitting them in the ribs with great hunks of coal. Sometimes he would hit a man or a woman; and once in a great while he managed to knock the glass out of a shanty window. Whenever this happened his day was made, and he would sit for hours quietly chuckling and slapping his thighs as he thought of the startling effect the lump of coal must have made landing in the middle of some dinner table.

The name of the caboose where we lived was the *Minnie Maddern Fiske.* In winter we were usually shunted to a siding near the box-car home of a funny old impoverished gentleman who, when sober, talked Latin and Greek all the time. In those days I did not observe the pains Mammy took to keep him sober so that he could help me with my home work, but looking back I cannot help marveling at her. She did not have much book learning herself, but she was wise in the ways of the world and appreciated the value of education. While my sisters Ursula and Desirée were gadding about at cotillions given by the wheel-tappers, Mammy kept me at home with Physical Culture Magazine, a Macfadden publication.

I was just seventeen when our caboose stopped one night outside a southern village. They were opening a new Moose Hall, and I sneaked into town and stood in the open door of the hall eagerly looking at the people: girls in attractive dotted swisses and boys in Barrymore shirts and those eyeshades so popular in the summer. These laughing, happy young people were town folks, the kind I had always wanted to know. I ached to become acquainted, but was too shy to mix with them.

Suddenly, as I was standing there, a warm hand closed softly about my neck and a gay voice said: "How about this one, Daisy?"

I turned and saw a laughing face which grew serious, then startled. "I'm sorry, I thought you were Daisy Dingus."

I was sorry, too, that I was not that lucky girl as I looked him over. Patent-leather hair, large black eyes, flashing teeth; but he differed from the other boys on the floor in that he wore the olive-drab uniform and gold bars of a second lieutenant in the Citizens' Military Training Corps.

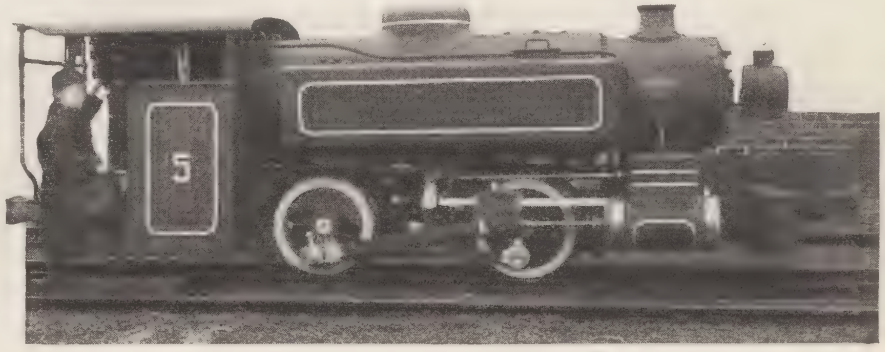
"Won't you go in and dance just once to show that you forgive my terrible stupidity?" he said. "I am Wesley Twitchell, banker Twitchell's son, as anyone can tell you."

"Just once," I answered smiling, "because I can only dance the two-step, and I'd be afraid to try any of these new dances."

He looked a little disappointed at that, but did not try to back out. "Maybe you'd better tell me your name. Some ruffian might try to become familiar with you."

"I am Mammy's Little Coal-Black Rose," I said unhesitatingly. As we danced his brow cleared. "You're

(*Continued on page* 28)




*Suddenly, as I was standing there, a warm hand closed softly about my neck and a gay voice said: "How about this one, Daisy?"*

# HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

CLOTHES DRYER

*Removes rouge, telephone numbers, dirty words and studs, from dress shirts. May also be used for Swedish massage.—Mrs. M. V. K.*

PASS OUT ROOM

*Saves rugs, space, time, nerves and trading stamps. Designed to accommodate four small stowaways or three big ones.—Miss T. A. T.*

APPLE CORER

*This handy gadget will also take the heart out of artichokes and the hired gal. Requires no aerial, uses ground only.—Mrs. H. S.*

READING ROOM

*A place for everything and everything in its place. Completely equipped with autograph album, contract blank, four brands of cigarettes and a gauze blindfold.—Mrs. Q.*

PATENT LEATHER POTATO MASHERS

*The dernier cri and also the next to the dernier cri. Can be furnished in suede with rubber heels and soles, for semi-formal use.—M. P.*

3 MINUTE EGG COOKER

*When eggs are done sign appears as in illustration. Eggs are boiled in five minutes, half the old time. No shrinkage.—Miss J. J.*

# BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU'RE AT

## *Revealing How a Modern Room Chased the Blues Away*

*By* EDWINA SNORP

*of the New York State College of Interior Decoration*

We had dinner with the Seven Happy Halprins the other evening, and not until after the last artichoke-leaf had floated to the ground did we find out how they had won back their skidding father, three husbands, a brother and five elderly bridge-hands 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, No-trump doubled and redoubled. It was a long but delightful story, even though we faintly remembered having heard a similar tale two years ago in the smoking-room of the 20th Century.

"We just hung up a few odds and ends here and there, and before we knew it we had our modern room. Then the boys came home, and that's just about all there was to it!" Thus the secret was simply exposed!

The flashlight picture below, which I brought back with me wrapped up in a napkin along with some stuffed olives and a few soggy petit fours, shows how this cheery room looked when it was done over. Old tapestries, tastefully draped, and a few overstuffed pieces complete the effect.

## PETE

THIS PARK MUST BE VACATED By 11 P.M.
THIS PARK MUST BE VACATED By 11 P.M.
THIS PARK MUST BE VACATED By 11 P.M.
C. D. RUSSELL

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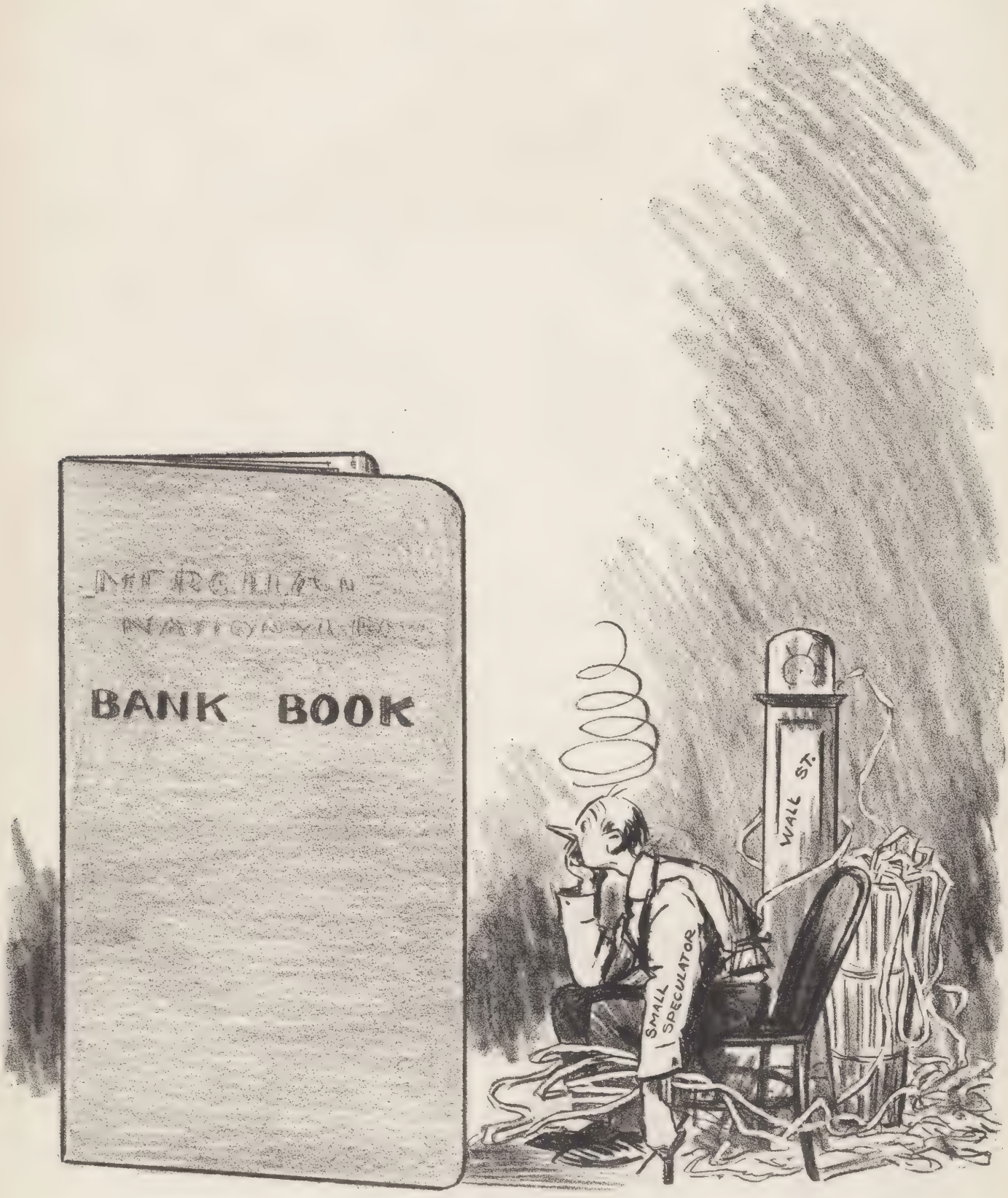
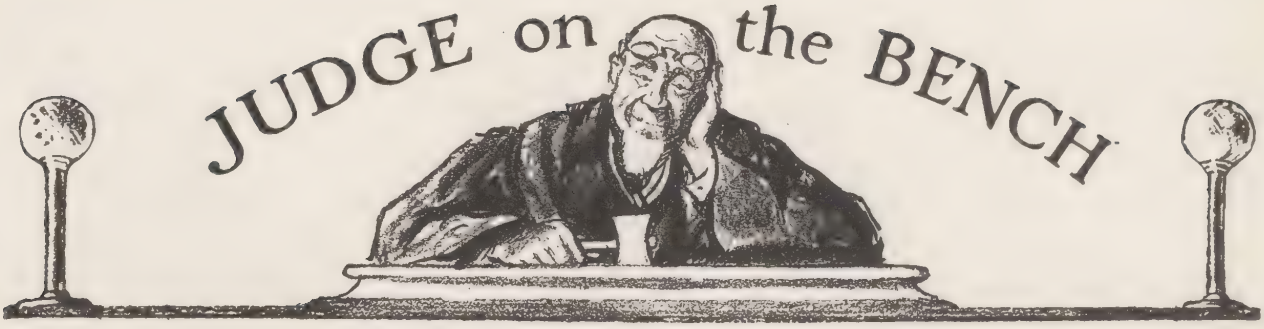

BANK BOOK
WALL ST.
SMALL SPECULATOR




## Two Kinds of Leadership

CELEBRATING the seventh anniversary of the march on Rome, Mussolini cried to a great audience, "Italy is at last as I wish it—an army of citizens and of soldiers ready for the work of peace or war." He reminded them that besides the "big stick" of Fascism "you have rifles, you have machine guns, you have all the weapons with which to fight great battles." He sees the Fascist movement "as young, as strong and as implacable as ever" and still possessed of "the courage to plunge the lead of its muskets into the backs of the enemies of Italy."

Two days later Navy Day was celebrated in the United States. Once the high jinks of the jingoes, the day passed off tamely. For the first time in twenty years, there was no presidential proclamation about it. By the President's orders, the Navy department did none of the usual talking about our need for ships and men. There must have been still echoing in many ears the wheeze left by the collapse of "Big Drum" Shearer, the accents of Ramsay MacDonald's friendly voice, the recent remark of Hoover about the amount of waterway improvement we could buy for the cost of a single warship. Even the Navy League meekly expressed a hope for limitation of armaments by international agreement. At the navy yards, instead of demonstrating their marksmanship, the gobs showed off in fire drills and deep-sea diving, while refreshments were served to visitors.

Which kind of leadership will shape the immediate future, Fascist or Quaker, bellicose or benignant? The world must choose, and the first indication may come at the armament conference in January.

## Amateuriana

RIGHT slap in the middle of the most gorgeous football season within memory, the Carnegie Foundation spilled the beans about commercialization, "the darkest blot upon American college sport." Nothing in the long report was surprising except the discovery that there are as many as twenty-eight colleges which do not subsidize athletes.

There have been some feeble squawks of denial from coaches and prexies. But you can't controvert charges so well bolstered not only by printed evidence but also by common knowledge. The report is hailed with obvious relief by some of the smaller colleges which have been chafing under the competition for star players. The president of Lebanon Valley, speaking of giving scholarships to athletes, says, "Practically all colleges do it. We are compelled to." At Bucknell the graduate manager says, "So far as I know, we are doing about the same as other colleges and universities. Our means, perhaps, would indicate that we do less." Blue Ridge dropped football because of the competition and because "we had to get in too many extra players for the size of the school."

It is too bad that most of the attention has been focused on professionalism, because the worse evil is the commercialization of the game itself. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett summarizes: "The paid coach, the gate receipts, the special training tables, the costly sweaters and extensive journeys in special Pullman cars, the recruiting from the high school, the demoralizing publicity showered on the players, the devotion of an undue proportion of time to training, the devices for putting a desirable athlete, but a weak scholar, across the hurdles of the examinations." It is simply elementary to say that no boy should play on a college team unless he is a bona-fide student attending the college primarily to get education. But haven't we had enough experience now to prove that you can't have genuine amateur sport where you have paid admissions? We'll never get this thing straight until we quit trying to discriminate between individual amateurs and individual professionals, and draw a broad clean line between commercialized exhibitions and games played for fun, with no paid coaching and no gate receipts.

## Gentlemen

GABRIEL WELLS of London got all upset when he heard that Bernard Shaw had said, "I am not a gentleman. I am far beyond that." So Mr. Wells wrote to the papers trying to define a gentleman. He says, "A gentleman is a man who knows his place." Which is the acme of class-consciousness. Mr. Wells himself says that by this standard certain butlers, barbers and waiters are gentlemen. If the world consisted entirely of people who know their place, we'd have no striving and so no progress.

So we stick to our own definition: "Gentlemen are those curious creatures to whom speeches are addressed." Join Judge's Association for the Suppression of Speechmaking.

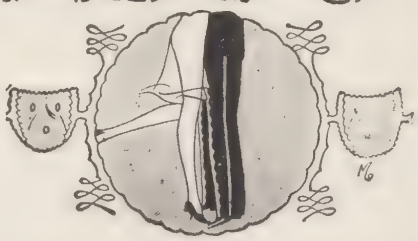
* * *

AMERICANS who traveled in Russia last summer report many amazements. But most of them got their biggest jolts when waiters or others to whom they offered tips politely said, "No, thank you." Upon inquiry the visitors were told, "Tipping is a bourgeois institution and is degrading to the worker." We are prone to rail against the tip as a nuisance, a petty graft wrung from us by the greed of menials, who in turn are driven to it by the stinginess of their employers. What we overlook is that the psychology of the tip goes deep into our own pseudo-democratic souls. Grumble though we may, tipping persists largely because the man who hands out the tip can thereby proclaim himself as being of a higher class than the one who takes it. *R. J. W.*

# JUDGING THE SHOWS

By

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE best argument in favor of commercial as opposed to so-called art producers is to be found in such enterprises as the Irish Theatre, Inc., lately installed on the old Greenwich Village boards. One would be put to pains trying to think of a commercial producer who would botch things as this hypothetically artistic Inc. has botched them. Some years ago, before these art groups were born, it was the practice of a certain school of criticism to have at the pants of any producer who wasn't in business for his health alone and to declare that any such fellow who ended up the year with a profit was a menace to the drama. In producers who would think of art first and last and get an epileptiform spasm at the mere thought of five dollars in the bank, it was maintained, must the future of the theatre rest. Those were the days when Augustin Daly, producer of "Under the Gaslight" and other such art gems, kidded William Winter into regarding him as an idealist; when Mrs. Fiske, now beamingly playing profitable vaudeville hokum in Mr. Erlanger's theatre, was indignantly doing Ibsen in a tent, losing her chemise and denouncing the M. Erlanger as a foul dose of smallpox; and when Mr. Belasco, now counting up big every Saturday night with a farce in which a cutie pretends to be *enceinte,* was crusader-like showing that matchless artiste, Madame Leslie Carter, in that matchless masterpiece, "Adrea," in political halls and telling the world that Charles Frohman, who was quietly producing the best of the European dramatists in real theatres, was just a bum.

Those, in short, were the days before the saviour art instinct came into the theatre to show up the commercial producers for the scoundrels and knaves they were, before the Provincetown Players unselfishly enriched our stage with the plays of E. E. Cummings and Michael Gold, before the Cherry Lane Playhouse visited its blessings upon a money-ridden Broadway stage with great dramas like "The Moon Is a Gong" and "Airways, Inc.," before Mr. Butler Davenport gave the public his undefiled and uncontaminated dramatic art in place of such things as the cursed Shuberts' productions of Drinkwater comedy, Sierra drama and Johann Strauss' operetta, and before Edythe Totten, Irma Kraft and other such uplifters were sent to us from Heaven to provide manna to our starving aesthetic souls.

The Irish Theatre, Inc., alluded to above, is still another of these dispensations. And, like so many of its brother and sister enterprises, it discloses itself to be something that, in the way of competence, wouldn't be allowed even in the alley of any theatre operated by a so-called commercial manager. In the matter of production, direction, acting, intelligible diction, a sense of manuscript values and theatrical gift generally, it is a complete and unmistakable loss. It has taken Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie" for its bow to the art-loving public and it has made a dismal mess of a play that, had it been produced by the MM. Cochran and Selwyn, commercial managers who owned the American rights, would have been given the chance that has now been denied it. "The Silver Tassie," whatever its weaknesses, certainly deserves that chance.

* * *

ONCE in every so often, the MM. Shubert decide that the theatregoing public that has been patronizing the musical shows in town deserves to hear some music by way of relief and accordingly put on a musical evening presided over by someone who knows something about music. This year, old Johann and his "Die Fledermaus"

(*Continued on page* 25)

## Theatre Digest

**"A Wonderful Night"** (Majestic) — Spectacular production of Johann Strauss' delightful "Die Fledermaus."

**"The Silver Tassie"** (Greenwich Village)—An often impressive drama by the talented O'Casey ruined by a miserable presentation.

**"Ghost Parade"** (Lyric)—More cheap mystery tripe.

**"Bitter - Sweet"** (Ziegfeld)—Like "Die Fledermaus," it is called an operetta. But—!

**"Maggie, the Magnificent"** (Cort)—George Kelly talks Norwegian with a Broadway accent. The result is disastrous.

**"Mlle. Modiste"** (Casino)—Fritzi Scheff comes back in an old but still lively favorite.

**"June Moon"** (Broadhurst)—The funniest exhibit in town. Unreservedly recommended.

**"Strictly Dishonorable"** (Avon)—Thoroughly likable little comedy, admirably played.

**"Ladies of the Jury"** (Erlanger) — Mrs. Fiske in bladder and seltzer-siphon vaudeville.

**"Other Men's Wives"** (Times Square)—To be reviewed.

**"Heads Up"** (Alvin)—The new Aarons-Freedley show. Ditto.

**"Cross Roads"** (Morosco)—Ditto.

**"Sweet Adeline"** (Hammerstein) — If you want a very good musical comedy, here you are!

**"The Channel Road"** (Plymouth)—Inert play made out of a Maupassant short story.

**"Among the Married"** (49th Street)—Meritorious comedy by the observant M. Lawrence.

**"Thunder in the Air"** (Bijou)—To be reviewed.

**"Berkeley Square"** (Lyceum)—See next week's issue.

**"Great Day"** (Cosmopolitan)—The book is the ruin of this one.

**"Scandals"** (Apollo)—A George White revue with several entertaining features.

**"Sketch Book"** (44th Street)—The same holds true of this nicely staged Earl Carroll show.

**"The Nut Farm"** (Biltmore)—The limit.

**"Bird in Hand"** (Barrymore)—A comedy by Drinkwater that has deserved its success.

**"Jenny"** (Booth)—Rubbish, with La Cowl disporting herself at stage centre.

**"Many Waters"** (Elliott)—Soppy stuff from England.

**"It's a Wise Child"** (Belasco)—Some comical Mutual Wheel humors.

**"Candle Light"** (Empire)—Weak comedy, with the Misses Gertrude Lawrence fluttering hither and thither.

**"Remote Control"** (48th Street)—Machine-made murder mystery.

**"Subway Express"** (Liberty)—More ditto, with some trick scenery to give it bounce.

**"Rope's End"** (Masque)—The pick of the murder exhibits.

**"Gambling"** (Fulton)—George Cohan gives lessons in acting to the gents on neighboring stages.

**"The House of Fear"** (Republic)—Junk.

**"Karl and Anna"** (Guild)—It is high time that the Theatre Guild went into a huddle with itself.

**"Broken Dishes"** (Ritz)—See next week's page.

**"Let Us Be Gay"** (Little)—An entertaining hold-over from last season.

**"Street Scene"** (Playhouse)—You have doubtless seen it by this time. If not, take a look.

**"Journey's End"** (Miller)—Most persons admire this war play more than the conductor of this department does.

**"The Criminal Code"** (National)—Finely staged and ably acted, but inferior drama.

**"Little Show"** (Music Box)—Still doing good trade and still amusing.

**"White Flame"** (Vanderbilt)—To be reviewed.

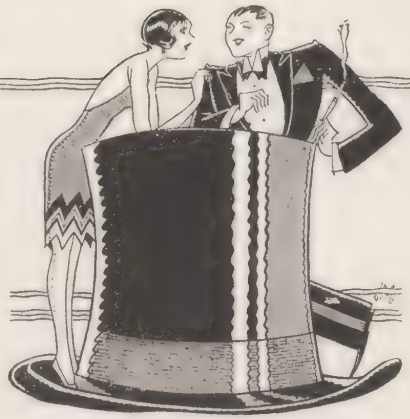
**"Cortez"** (Mansfield)—Same here.

**"Winter Bound"** (Garrick)—Also here.

**"Carry On"** (Imperial)—Here, too.

"LAUGH" AT "TRUE STORIES"
JACK SUGGESTS I DO MY HAIR DIFFERENTLY. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
IF I WERE YOU, I'D DRESS IT SO IT HANGS DOWN OVER THE FACE JUST BELOW THE CHIN!
I'M TRYING TO GET THE EDITOR TO POSTPONE THE XMAS NUMBER UNTIL MARCH SO'S I'LL BE READY!
DOES SHE NECK?
DOES SHE? WHY, MUDDEAR, SHE WEARS A HORSE COLLAR DURING HER BEAUTY SLEEPS!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW LONG SKIRTS?
THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT THINK!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, DRIVER?
MA NAME IS FREDUHRICK, BUT THEY CALL ME ARTHUH!
I SHAVED OFF MY MUSTACHE AND A GIRL WHO RECOGNIZED ME AFTERWARD SAID, "WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED? — HAVE YOU HAD YOUR FACE HALF SOLED AND HEELED?!"
So! — I'M GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A MUFFLER!
MAYBE THIS DOESN'T STRIKE YOU FUNNY BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD ME LAUGHAT IT IN BERMUDA —
PETTERSON MACHAMER

# HIGH HAT



Now, ye men o' Athens, that the broken glasses have been swept up and the last jitter has snuck back to its lair, it can be told: The True Log, Amazing Experiences and Phone Numbers picked up by Magellan Machamer and Judge, Jr., his airedale, on their root-a-toot-toot to Bermuda, an expensive British hangover, situated in some ocean or other, off the shank of America.

Mac and I left the Big Apple about three weeks ago, daylight saving time, via the smoking room of the S. S. Bermuda, "a Boat without a Barnacle," commanded by Capt. Harry Davis, sir, a briny old salt. Two days later, Jeff had to be wrung out of the smoking room and carried ashore in a paint bucket. But here's what I learned during the voyage . . . That the ship's bar closes for the afternoon and it's best to order something to tide you over till the evening. . . . That without filling out papers you automatically become a British subject on entering the bar and an American citizen on leaving it, thus breaking no laws. . . . That the best place to enjoy a stock market crash is next to a stinger. . . . That the fr'rd st'bb'rd corner of the sun-deck on a squally afternoon is a hot spot, especially if the girls don't know about skirts in a high wind. . . . That an excellent deck sport is ringing young ladies' feet with quoits. . . . That you can get badly sunburned sitting in your stateroom under a light, drinking Bass' Ale. . . That eight times around the main deck is a mile . . . and that falling down a companionway is easier than walking down.

And here is the layout of Bermuda. . . . The terraces at the Hamilton and Belmont are the nerts. . . . The sun is so blinding on the white roofs and coral roads all the girls wear smoked glasses and you can't tell about their beauty. . . . There are two speakeasies on the island for the convenience of homesick New Yorkers. . . . The best way to sleep is on top the mosquito netting, leaving a large hole in the netting for the mosquitoes to crawl in and be baffled. . . . There are two elevators in Bermuda, and Jeff tried unsuccessfully to merge them. . . . There are no autos. Horses pull the hacks at $4 a step. Bicycles are popular excepting for the 5,000 dogs that attack you while riding, the dogs being exceptionally fond of rubber tires and rubber legs. . . . There were three brides in the Bermuda hospital, they having fallen, or been pushed, off their bikes. . . . Bananas grow upside down in Bermuda. . . . My leg muscles increased thirty-five per cent from pedaling, which is four-ninety-six in Canadian money or three wickets in croquet. . . . You can't light matches in

(*Continued on page* 29)

I HAVE A PISTOL UNDER THIS BLANKET AND IF YOU COME NEAR ME I'LL SHOOT STRAIGHT, TRUE, AND EXACT!
"GULL WITH WORM" FROM LIFE —
DOES HE WEAR THAT BERET BECAUSE HE'S BALD?
NO — IN EVENT OF A STORM! — HIS HAIR MIGHT GET MUSSED!
JUNIOR'S TEA TIME ON THE "BERMUDA" — BAH-H!
BAD STORM STEWARD!
WOT STORM I AWSK?!
STEWARD, I'LL EAT IN A DECK CHAIR ON SUN-DECK! I'D LIKE TWO POACHED LIFE PRESERVERS ON THIN TOAST!
OH-H-H-H STEWARD!? MAYBE YOU BETTER SET UP THIS DECK CHAIR YOURSELF!
COME NOW, STEWARD, PLEASE TELL CAPTAIN HARRY I THINK HE'S GOING TOO FAST DOWN WAVES!
THE MAN WHO, EVERY TIME HE SAW A TINY CLOUD IN THE SKY, RAN'N'HID IN A FUNNEL!
JEFFERSON MACHAMER
A SQUALL ON THE "BERMUDA", BERMUDA BOUND

## The Beast of Business

### *What Happened After Office Hours*

Nothing would have induced me to tell my story of disillusionment were it not for the fact that I hope my experience will cause some other girl to hesitate before she agrees to stay after office hours to help the boss "clean up some accumulated work."

I had been working for Mr. Appletree for three years. During that time he had often been a little flirtatious and given to making "wise cracks." Once or twice when I had finished taking stenographic notes, he had reached over and held my hand for a moment or two. On the whole, however, he had shown himself thoughtful and considerate until . . .

One afternoon as I was shutting my typewriter early, for I had a heavy date with my boy friend that night, Mr. Appletree sauntered over to my desk. "I've got a lot of work to clean up, Miss Yifnif," he said. "Would you mind staying down to help me tonight?"

Believing it a girl's duty to give her employer any assistance necessary, I consented to stay, though I must confess now I never would have agreed had I known what was in store for me. After the rest of the staff had left the office, Mr. Appletree rang for me and I entered his private room, note-book and sharpened pencils in hand.

"Sit down, Muriel," he said. With a shock I realized he had never called me by my first name before. "You certainly have lovely auburn hair," he commented as he lit one of his fifty-cent cigars.

"Thank you, sir," I answered as a blush tinged my cheeks.

"Draw your chair up closer," he said, "so I won't have to shout my dictation."

Well, there's little more to add to the tale of that night. He kept me in his office until after eleven o'clock, the wretch! He left me disillusioned and disappointed, the beast!

And what have I got to show for my experience? Nothing, absolutely nothing. He was a perfect gentleman! Think of it! If he had acted differently, I could have sold my experiences to True Story Magazine!

And I hope my experience will be a warning to other girls to pause a moment before they waste their evenings with men of Mr. Appletree's stamp.

—Arthur L. Lippmann

*"Oh, Mater—True Story Magazine just sent me a check for my autobiography!"*

WE'RE CARRYING POLES TO NEWCASTLE, DEFIED THE DAUNTLESS DUO

*"Why aren't you doing your lesson, varmint?" asked Miss Westburp.*

*"I ain't got no pen," groused Georgie." "You ain't? Where's your grammer, dope?" flogged the Westburp. "She's been dead three years!" giggled Georgie. "Aw gee, ma, don't send me to the clothes-closet; it's full of bogies."*

# The Press Box

By Westbrook Pegler

Mr. Connie Mack, the most prolific of all the mock-journalists of the current sporting season, recently has followed a course of conduct which stirs the gloomy reflection that the sport industry is entirely composed of business men and that any journeyman sport writer who adorns, inflates and deifies them does so at some risk of his own prosperity. When sport writers find themselves in competition with picturesque characters of their own gratuitous creation, as they are now beginning to, they will exercise firm restraint in their character-drawing from day to day, aware that anything they say may be used against them. This will be a good thing as tending toward moderation and accuracy and away from maudlin worship in sport reporting, for the reek of rub-stuff and sweat and meanness in a story are more realistic and more interesting than the incense of phoney heroism.

No sport reporter ever has given a true characterization of Babe Ruth, for example, and, although there have been many biographies and autobiographies of Jack Dempsey they have all been shrill, sweet pieces on the flageolet, whereas the real story demands brass and dramatic undertones from the chicken-coop fiddle. This has been due not so much to respect for the law of libel as to a kind of self-imposed censorship under which the writers have taken it upon themselves to decide what the public would like to know and think about the boys. To be sure, it is a huge character which has been created for Mr. Ruth, but it is filled with wind. If the truth had been told about him, he might not enjoy his present lucrative syndicate practice as a preceptor for adolescent America, but he would be a man for the ages nevertheless and of a much more meaty sort.

Since Mr. Mack's baseball club became reasonably certain of winning the American League pennant in September, two writers have called upon him in Philadelphia, both men of uncommon ability, decent presence and good credentials, wishing to swell the volume of laudation and virtuous legend about him. I am certain that neither one had the faintest notion of telling the whole truth about Mr. Mack, for the true story of his fifteen years of trying to win this pennant would have entailed the observation that twenty other major league managers were fired during this time for failures much less lugubrious than some of his. Mr. Mack was a stockholder in his firm, however, and that sweet and priestly character which had been advertised for him was a constant asset to the firm. Now there is no doubt that Mr. Mack is a sweet and priestly character but that is not all there is of him.

*"How wouldja like to make a little bet on the horses today?"*

To one of these writers he exclaimed querulously, "Go away! You are bothering me!" The other one was whole-heartedly ganged by a detachment of ball-yard employees who playfully bounced him from wall to wall for a time, cheered on by an executive of the baseball firm, and finally thrown out. Still unwilling to attribute this unkindness to one so gentle as Connie Mack, he sought out the old man on a neutral ground and remarked, in effect, "It was all very well to dissemble your love, but why did they kick me downstairs?"

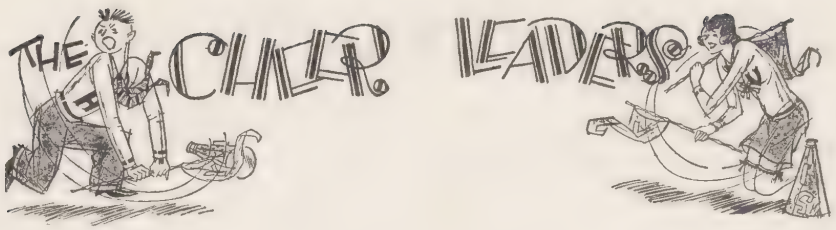
He then learned that Mr. Mack had contracted to sell his memoirs of his thirty or forty or perhaps fifty years in baseball in serial form, exclusively through a syndicate, that these essays were at present in the process of perpetration by a hired writer and that Mr. Mack was rigidly defending the material which he wished to sell. Next spring would be different. Next spring, the memoirs would have been peddled, published and paid for and Mr. Mack would be starting out again with his ball-club and in need of publicity and friends on the papers everywhere to celebrate his sweet and priestly character anew.

Now I trust that I am not unduly class-conscious in this situation, but it is my belief that if Mr. Mack has decided to set a price upon his interviews, it would be no more than fair and consistent for all newspapers henceforth to charge him the regular advertising rates for the publication of anything savoring of publicity about his baseball firm, which is a commercial enterprise with no better claim to free exploitation than Wanamaker's store in the same city. No doubt, there are other employers of labor in Philadelphia as priestly as Connie Mack who expect to pay for their advertising as such. The elder Wanamaker, himself, was one, the only difference being that he was slightly more preachy than priestly, and he used to buy the space in which to publish his naive homilies on thrift, honesty, contentment and so forth.

The situation with regard to prominent athletes appearing in any one publication under copyright lines, to the exclusion of other publications in the same city, is becoming a bit muddled and it is likely to evoke a ruling from the business offices of the papers in time.

If, for instance, the representative of a paper which

(*Continued on page* 27)




### Come Seven

"Rastus, what became of the roll of money you had when you got into that crap game?"

"Boss, suh, it done died a natural death!"

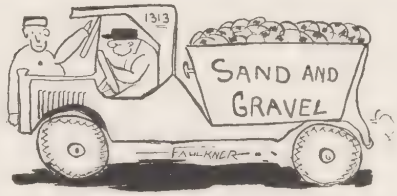
—Raoul Blumberg,
*Yale '29*

We know a girl who was so cruelly beaten that she had lashes on her eyes!

—Mildred Barish,
*Adelphi '32*

"This kiln has got to stop," roared the Chicago sheriff as he entered the brickyard.

—Edward R. Bosley, Jr.,
*Andover '30*




*"All right, Joe, spill the dirt."*
—Jack C. Faulkner,
*U. of Cincinnati '32*

### No Hope

*Doctor*—What is that frightful noise I've been hearing all day?

*Nurse*—The patient with sleeping sickness has started to snore.

—Raoul Blumberg,
*Yale '29*

### The Wages of Sin

| | |
|---|---|
| Vaudeville contract | $10,000 |
| Tabloid story | 5,000 |
| Autobiography | 10,000 |
| Cigarette Endorsement | 1,000 |
| Total | $26,000 |

—Arthur Silverblatt,
*Harvard '30*

Dear Sir:

We hope you can send us the amount of your bill, which is several months past due.

Sincerely,
Lightbody & Co.

Dear Sirs:

The amount of my bill is $45.80.

Yours truly,
R. McLaughlin,
*Colorado U. '32*

*"Quit shooting them rapids, Stanley," yelled Livingstone.*
—Rowland Lyon, *George Washington U. '29*

## COOK WANTED, COLORED

*"What do ya mean, 'Do a Jolson and get the job'?"*

# JUDGING THE MOVIES

By
PARE LORENTZ

Gloria Swanson is still a very attractive woman. But try as she may—and these last years she has tried hard—she hasn't discovered that acting comes from the inside and not the out. As her last ambitious effort is a talking movie, "The Trespasser," this obstacle practically defeats her ambition.

"The Trespasser" has no humor or action (the only real material any movie should use). It depends upon plot and Gloria Swanson. Neither are spectacular. The plot concerns a stenographer who marries an amiable but rich young man. The boy's dogmatic and domineering father ferrets them out, with the result that the boy caves in under pressure and allows him to annul the marriage.

Eighteen months later. A little stranger has arrived. Harassed by tradesmen, worn from work, the heroine faints in her employer's arms. Five months later he is keeping her in a Lake Shore apartment. It is not necessary to go into further details; at the conclusion she is again united with her husband and they live happily ever afterwards. Now there is no startling drama in any of the plot situations. Had a Vincent Lawrence put his hand to it, the plot would have hidden under the dialogue and you would have felt, and acutely, the misery of the heroine. As done here by Director Goulding, you see only Miss Swanson assuming various poses indicating love or misery, with only a vague understanding of her reasons for such poses. In brief, the dialogue would be hissed off any stage in New York (except, perhaps, the Civic Repertory or the Theatre Guild). And, as dialogue on the screen must be doubly effective to hold an audience, the sum merit of the writing in "The Trespasser" is zero.

When I mentioned previously that Gloria Swanson was not an actress I expressed an honest belief. Yet I find it hard to give you a definition for acting. I have never heard an actress abstracted. I do know that never once in her long career has Gloria Swanson ever made one humorous whimsical gesture. And, I think that in itself is criticism enough. In the silent days she could be the goddess, pose in silks and satins, and let the believers kiss the hem of her garment. But when she talks, she becomes mortal; she hasn't yet learned the habits of mortality.

Her voice is indicative of her work. It is precise, cold and metallic. And her hard-pressed working girl in "The Trespasser" remains as warm and colorful as a radio.

With all its faults, you will find it hard to see talking movies any better than "The Trespasser." That is, there can be no real talking movies until a few writers and musicians learn their business. And at the present rate of progress I would put the year of delivery at something around 1950.

"Condemned" is another startling failure. Anyhow, I was gullible enough to think that a crew composed of playwright Sydney Howard, actors Dudley Digges and Colman would turn out something worth while. They did—if you like Mack Sennett comedies. The story was adapted by Howard from "Condemned to Devil's Island," the grim epic of a French Penal colony. As far as I can see, the story was not pilfered—but either because he hates the movies or because the producers told him to make it funny or because he doesn't know anything about the movies, Howard made it into a farce.

Here we have a debonair crook making love to the warden's wife. The suffering, the astounding cruelty of French jurisprudence is allowed only as a sombre backdrop for the ancient Rabelaisian formula of the brittle-boned husband who is deceived by his vigorous young wife. Digges, as the warden, gave the boys and girls an exhibition of real skill. I think he is one of the best actors on the stage today, and he easily stole the show from the amiable Mr. Colman and the tremulous Miss Harding.

Sydney Howard, on the other hand, belied the fact that he ever won a Pulitzer Prize by getting off such prize bromides as "there are some prisons one can't escape" and "we must be respectable!"

As a matter of fact, I think the producers—having gotten off two good comedies—decided to continue in the comic vein. They got a good crew together, and when word came that it must be comic, they probably just got tight and made it funny. Unfortunately, they had a grim tragedy as a base for their monkeyshines, and the result is a confused and dull mixture.

The only gratifying thing about "Condemned" is that it brought Dudley Digges to the screen. I hope they give him more to do. With Jannings gone, he is easily the best character actor in the country. He is not, however, a good director. If you want to argue, see "Condemned" first.

It was a week of actor-producers. And Hoot Gibson, the cowboy, did the best job of all. He brought one of

(*Continued on page* 28)

## The Movie Guide

**"Applause"**—Interesting direction and Helen Morgan.

**"Bulldog Drummond"**—Still good.

**"Condemned"**—In this issue.

**"Fast Company"**—A breezy Lardner story, with Jack Oakie doing a good job.

**"Hallelujah"**—King Vidor's extraordinary negro production.

**"Paris Bound"**—Smart dialogue and an excellent cast.

**"Piccadilly"**—If you have a chance, don't miss seeing this silent British movie.

**"Prisoners"**—A dull beginning, but good conclusion to Molnar dialogue.

**"Street Girl"**—Crisp and pleasant musical talkie.

**"The Lady Lies"**—A veteran cast, and a story with some real moments in it.

**"The Trespasser"**—In this issue.

**"Unholy Night"**—Roland Young makes it good.

**"Why Bring That Up?"**—Moran and Mack are still worth seeing, even in a movie.

**"Young Nowheres"**—Barthelmess in a Gentle Romance.

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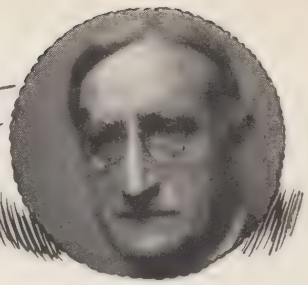

SIDNEY S. LENZ

*Below are reprinted the last two problems in the $14,000 Bridge Contest, together with Mr. Lenz' bidding. See page twenty-five for announcement regarding prize winners.*

## PROBLEM No. 11

NORTH: ♠ Q J 9 7 6 4 2 ♡ 8 3 ◇ 8 2 ♣ 4 3

WEST: ♠ K 8 ♡ K 10 7 5 4 ◇ Q 7 4 ♣ Q 8 2

EAST: ♠ 10 5 3 ♡ J 6 ◇ J 9 5 3 ♣ K 9 7 6

SOUTH: ♠ A ♡ A Q 9 2 ◇ A K 10 6 ♣ A J 10 5

**Mr. Lenz' Bidding**

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 No T. | Pass | 2 Spades | Pass |
| 2 No T. | Pass | 3 Spades | Pass |
| 3 No T. | Pass | 4 Spades | Pass |
| Pass | Pass | | |

(*Maximum score 14 points*)

South's hand is too powerful in distributed high-cards to call for a preemptive bid.

There is no good reason for shutting out the adversaries if they feel an urge to enter the auction. West, at second hand, should neither double nor bid the Hearts. If the No Trump should stand, he has a good opening lead and several cards of reentry. North must bid the Spades and continue bidding them. The original No Trump bid shows that partner holds either the Ace or King, unless he has three small Spades. The one point open to controversy is South's continuation to three No Trumps. Many good players passed the partner's three Spades. South, holding a hundred Aces, is greatly desirous of scoring them, unless his partner can bid for game at Spades. If the No Trumps are defeated a trick, the score will about equal that of making a contract of three Spades.

## PROBLEM No. 12

NORTH: ♠ Q 8 6 4 ♡ 9 6 5 ◇ A Q 10 5 2 ♣ Q

WEST: ♠ K J 2 ♡ Q 10 4 3 2 ◇ 8 ♣ K 9 7 5

EAST: ♠ — ♡ A K J 7 ◇ K J 7 6 4 3 ♣ A 8 2

SOUTH: ♠ A 10 9 7 5 3 ♡ 8 ◇ 9 ♣ J 10 6 4 3

**Mr. Lenz' Bidding**

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pass | Pass | Pass | 1 Dia. |
| 1 Spade | 2 Hearts | 2 Spades | 3 Hearts |
| Pass | Pass | 3 Spades | 4 Hearts |
| 4 Spades | Double | Pass | 5 Hearts |
| Pass | Pass | Pass | |

(*Maximum score 19 points*)

Although South is lacking quick-trick strength to make an original bid, he should make a secondary call over the Diamond bid.

West has a choice of bidding Hearts or No Trumps, but the suit bid is safer. North has two assists for even a secondary Spade bid, especially when the adversaries are bidding Hearts. South must be very short in that suit.

Possibly the closest point of the contest takes place at the ninth bid. The temptation to rebid the Spades is very strong. However, unless North can rebid, the penalty may be severe. On the next round, South must go to four Spades and West's best procedure is to double. East should bid five Hearts, as the game seems more lucrative than a possible one or two trick penalty.

## Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page* 16)

are the selection and I am not going to try to be humorous comparing the result with what currently postures for music on certain other New York stages. After all, if your musical tastes are above what issues from a saxophone, a cowbell and a kettle-drum, you don't have to be told about the operetta in question; you've probably done your share picking it out on the piano since boyhood or have yodeled some of it—to the open-mouthed admiration of various *Kellner*—at many a beer table. It is one of the wreaths on the tomb of one of the most delightful fellows who ever gladdened this unmelodious world.

The Shubert firm has given the operetta the title, "A Wonderful Night." It is a rotten title, but it is excellent criticism, at least in a musical direction. The Majestic Theatre has become a sanatorium for all ears sickened by the yah-yah-yah, hey-hey-hey din that passes for music on most stages to the right and left of it.

* * *

"The Ghost Parade," by Hadley Waters, does not call for criticism. It is sufficiently reviewed in the four words noted in the Digest.

## Just a Beginner

The engine was not behaving as a true locomotive should. First it would move forward a hundred yards or so, and then, with a good deal of puffing, it would shift back to its original position. For ten minutes this had been going on, while the passengers raved all along the train.

At last one of them, unable to contain himself any longer, put his head out of the window and hailed the guard.

"What on earth is the matter?" he demanded.

Leaning out of his own compartment, the guard turned a rueful smile on him.

"Well, sir," he said, "I'm not sure, but I think the engineer is teaching his wife to drive."

—Answers

Chemistry now has divided an atom into two parts. Probably the result of research with drug-store sandwiches.

—Youngstown Telegram

By means of a new local anæsthetic patients may listen-in to radio while undergoing a surgical operation. Some, however, firmly demand chloroform.

—London Opinion

*Announcement of*

# PRIZE WINNERS

in the Lenz Bridge Contest will be delayed

Solutions of the last two problems in the contest are published this week. Announcement was made that prize winners would be named in a November issue. It will not be possible to do this; but in the issue of November 30th we will announce the December issue or issues to contain the list of successful contestants.

Not only was our task made large by the many thousands from all over the world who entered the contest, but so many contestants elected to send in all their solutions together just prior to September 30th, we have been overwhelmed with the contest mail.

A further cause of delay is the extreme care with which we are recording the bidding and scoring. To avoid error every solution of every problem is being double-checked by experts and all records are being double-checked by a highly efficient staff.

The work is being completed by intensive effort both day and night.

We feel sure that contestants will indulge Mr. Lenz and Judge in this brief delay.

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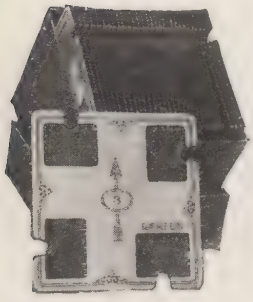

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## Steamboat Madness

(*Continued from page 5*)

doorway—a new Edmond, vigorous and elastic, with his old bass tuba in hand. As I joyfully nestled to his breast, he told me how he had gone out West under the new name of Bob Sterling and on a ranch had found regeneration. Slowly, after an uphill fight, he had conquered his craving for the sleep-inducing *cannabis indica*.

"Mona," he whispered tenderly, "will - - will you begin anew?"

My only reply was to raise my bass tuba to my lips, and as he folded me in the warm protection of his encircling arms, our tubas went into the old dreaming refrain of Walter Donaldstein's "Love Sends a Little Gift of Eppis." And when gruff old Danny, the stage-door watchman, came in to put out the lights, he found two pensive lovers planning the future over the ashes of the past. Softly he closed the door and wiped away a suspicious moisture in his eyes, for Danny knew that all romance is not acted on the stage.

## The Pact

The farmer owned fields on each side of the golf links. It so happened that he was taking a short cut from one to another when the club's worst member was addressing his ball.

The worst member waggled his driver to and fro for several minutes, missed four swings, and finally hit the ball about a dozen feet. Then he glanced up and saw the farmer.

"I say," he protested, "only golfers are allowed on this course, you know."

The farmer nodded.

"I do know it," he replied. "But I won't say nuthin' if you don't."

—ANSWERS

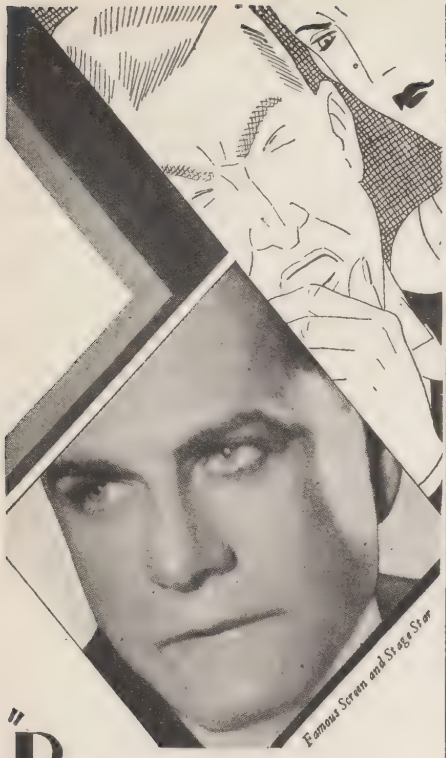
One thing we've noticed the last week is that the rise in the price of cigarettes doesn't seem to bother the fellows who borrow them.

—SPOKANE SPOKESMAN

The Haitian navy has been reduced to 10 motor boats. While the details are hard to work out, we suppose that under a parity agreement the Orkney Islands will be allowed 14 dories and nine canoes. —DETROIT NEWS

VISITOR—*Is this place good for rheumatism?*
INHABITANT—*Well, sur, I got mine yere.*

—TATLER




"Romance Curdles—
*when* COUGHS
*cross the Footlights*"
—BERT LYTELL

"NOW—*really*—how do you expect us actors to play soulful love scenes when there's a small army of coughers in the audience? Even a single cough can spoil the whole mood of the scene.

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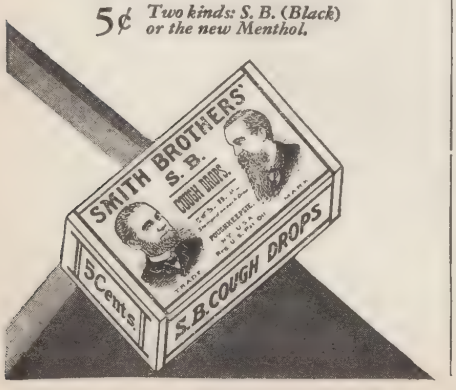



## The Press Box

( *Continued from page* 20)

we will call the Daily A, spends considerable time, love and energy, not to mention white news-print and still more valuable space thereon, extolling the talents and personal virtues of some coach, manager or performing athlete, and on the same day the rival paper, which we may call the Daily B, appears with the exclusive, signed copyrighted story of this hero, then the business manager of the Daily A may consider that his paper has bent its energies to advertise and promote its closest competitor, which, even in this altruistic era, is a bit thick.

The writer for the Daily A might just as reasonably devote himself to a piece on the surpassing talents of the chief editorial writer, the gag columnist or the leading sports writer of the Daily B.

All this, of course, is aside from the consideration that all but a negligible trace of this matter is the most obvious counterfeit. The reputable syndicates long ago turned square and ceased to offer these naive forgeries, but the principal vendor of such material today, who now has the field almost to himself, tells me that there is still a more vigorous market for compositions done in the names of half-literate players than for the studied writings of celebrated authors.

"Names and characters," says he to me, "are what the public wants."

Which reminds me of the response that came back to the United Press when Mr. Bender, the news manager, cabled one of his agents in China, offering five hundred dollars for a 2,000-word article by a Chinese revolutionary general who was momentarily going strong.

"General doesn't know more than ten words," the message said. "Can get them for $5, Mex. Then use ditto marks at will."

## Imagine

It is supposed to have happened when Richard Rodgers, the artful composer, was entertaining several friends at his elegant place. Rodgers decided to feed them all at 4 a. m., and finding nothing in the refrigerator he went to his favorite Childs' Restaurant and asked the waitress for twenty-four cheese sandwiches.

"To take out?" was the devastating query.

*—Daily Mirror*

Four more organizations in New York have joined the anti-noise campaign, and the din, we should imagine, has become something terrific.

*—Spokane Spokesman*


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## Ties of Steel and Love

(*Continued from page* 9)

certainly light on your feet," he said admiringly. "You'll light on your head, if you aren't careful," I said mischievously. "Are you a college girl?" he then asked, laughing. "No," I told him, "I have never went to college—I am a self-made girl." "But no kidding," he said, "haven't I met you before somewheres? You aren't from Providence, are you?" "No, R. I.," I answered smiling. This tickled him so that I thought he would die.

"Gee, gosh, but you've got a swell dimple," he said. "You remind me of someone I knew once, long ago and far away."

"Never heard of her," I answered rather curtly.

The dance ended, and we drifted through the door and out into the moonlight. Wesley broke off a branch of honeysuckle and put several blossoms in my naturally wavy hair. Their sweet fragrance went to my head and made the moonlight worse than ever. Soft music was wafted through the languorous air as we reached the railroad tracks. "Don't you think we'd better go back and dance?" I said weakly.

"No," he said in a tone I had never heard a man use before. I looked up at him questioningly and the next second his arms were around me and his laughing mouth, now serious, was pressed to mine as though he would print the largest newsstand circulation in the world on my heart. The moonlight, the music, the intoxicating scent of the honeysuckle, the glamor of Wesley's uniform were overpowering me.

"Rosie!" he murmured.

"Wesley!" I breathed.

Everything was just going zazzarino, when a handsome young man stepped out of the bushes with a photographer and asked us to pose for several pictures for the November issue of his magazine, which we reluctantly consented to do.

That was three years ago. I have never seen Mammy and Charley since, but because they read this magazine I am writing this story to let them know that I am very happy and appreciate all they did for me. Particularly Mammy. I know now what a fine, wise Mammy she was and how her insistence on my reading the Physical Culture, a Macfadden publication, fitted me to bear the Twitchell name.

## Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page* 23)

those old stories about the cowboy and his horse to the modern screen, threw in good dialogue—when it was used—and the best horse race I have ever seen in the movies. "The Long Long Trail" is the title, and it has everything a movie should have: a superhero, a pretty girl, gorgeous photography, and action, action, action. I think you will find its frank sentiment and unpretentious story welcome and entertaining.

*"Thank goodness they've left a few bites of good old-fashioned dirt in the flower-pot!"*

## I Was the Only Woman-Thing Aboard

(*Continued from page* 7)

resignedly. "Go ahead," I said. "I'm old enough to learn everything. I have searched everywhere, but I cannot find out the explanation. Tell me what is Sex."

By way of answer Father opened his worn old Bible to the Songs of Solomon, and while the wind played round our bow and the rope played round my stern, he read me the old, old story and explained to me at last the meaning of the thing called Sex. I looked around up at him in astonishment.

"My good gosh," I interrupted. "Is *that* Sex?"

He paused and nodded his head gravely.

"Go ahead, Father," I yawned, shutting my eyes wearily. "Just wake me up when you're through talking."

## High Hat

(*Continued from page* 18)

the open because of the damp and high wind. . . . The cabaret humor still does imitations of Chollie Chaplin; the movies are silent; there is Monday-night boxing by English heavyweight canvas-kissers. . . . Adolph Ochs could make a mint if he started a Mid-Ocean Times at Hamilton. . . . The crystal caves are too damp for comfort, and the lady who plays the natural (stalactite) organ doesn't know "Button Up Your Overcoat." . . . It's best to wear your evening clothes under your bathing suit to be ready for all emergencies. . . . The only time Jeff went under water was to put a case of ale on ice to cool. . . . It is bad to go swimming after eating avocados as sharks are partial to them. . . . Miss Brooklyn dropped down to Hamilton a week behind her chaperons. She came either to get a big loving-cup or a big cup for loving, I couldn't make out. . . . Fred, the cullid cabby known as Arthur, never heard of Broadway. . . . The Rothstein murderer is hiding in a polyp off the island. . . . The best kit to take on your trip would be a blotter; a suit that won't show spots; and the family plate. . . . The water around Bermuda is green in memory of the Irish Free State.

Jeff had his moustache hammered off first day there because it got caught in the mosquito netting. . . . Jeff thought he'd move to Bermuda permanently. Then he could use the water beetles to carry his Xmas cards painted on their backs—only he couldn't get an idea, the lint that grows wild on the island getting into his ears most of the time and retarding his reflexes.

—Judge Jr.


EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you bring two delightful acquaintances together and find they divorced each other five years ago . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

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FISH

Groggy Tackler—*All right, Red—I got his number.*

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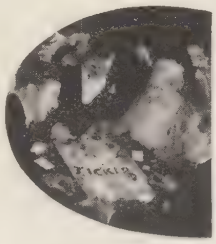

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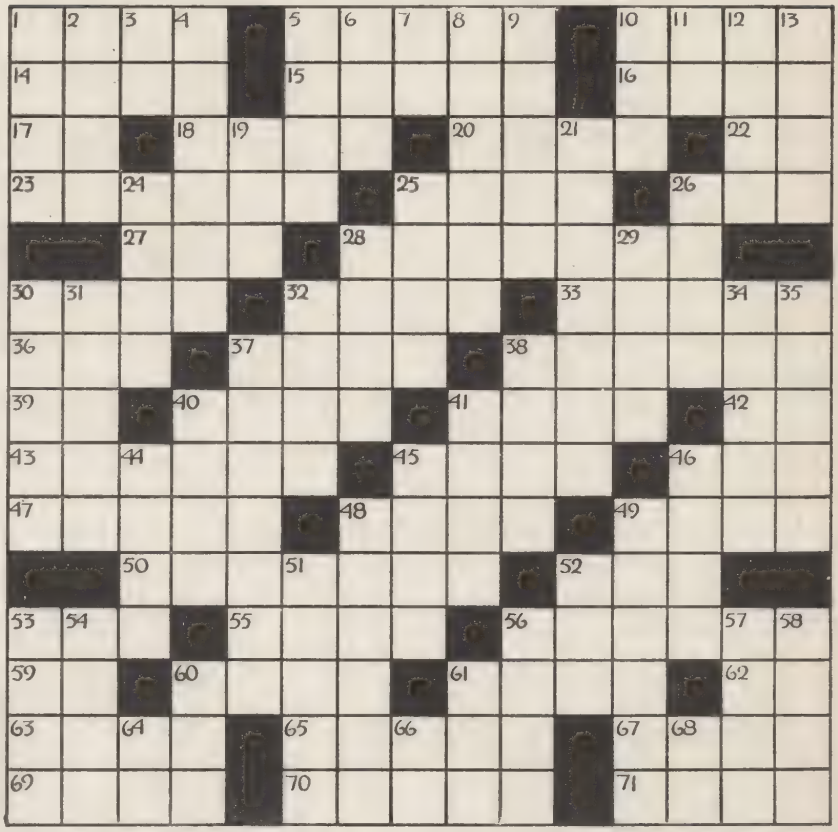
# Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 131



*Submitted by Ivy Miller, Natchitoches, La.*

*Judge pays* $10 *for each puzzle printed.*

## Horizontal

1. An ice pack.
5. This is hard on the ears but not on the eyes.
10. Woman's place in the home.
14. You can make a safe landing with these.
15. This is used by the rising generation.
16. A w. k. author. But Dora thinks this a sister-of-charity.
17. Revised version. (abbr.)
18. The outcome of a ring.
20. A bad hangover.
22. Two of these don't make much.
23. Less tense.
25. What Scotch horsemen do to every little bit.
26. To lay the family plate.
27. Here's where you'll find a lot of rooters these days.
28. Merit.
30. Suited.
32. This is of no consequence.
33. Walked the dog.
36. This changes color easily.
37. This makes the spine of America.
38. An old actor.
39. Article.
40. Plastered.
41. A wet smack.
42. Aha! the poor Indian again.
43. This is thrown out after the first.
45. This is held at many football games.
46. How many digits?
47. Ay, here's the rub!
48. To pigeonhole.
49. Extra measure.
50. Talked back.
52. Necking.
53. A bum rake.
55. The kind of car every one drives.
56. Canvassers.
59. A newspaper man's sunset.
60. Winged.
61. Stowaways.
62. Preposition.
63. This makes horns saxy.
65. These are perfectly terrible stripped.
67. Soft snap.
69. These usually don't meet.
70. To take a crack at.
71. Toothsome language.

## Vertical

1. When you hear this, duck.
2. Hot mud pack.
3. Gold.
4. Lamped.
5. Tall timber.
6. "I don't feel so good myself!"
7. Egyptian violet ray.
8. Crate.
9. Daredevil's stock in trade.
10. To bag at the knees.
11. Preposition.
12. Schnazzola.
13. A marriage anchor.
19. A short evening.
21. Windblown.
24. Detachable shoe-top.
25. Dry.
26. A floating frigidaire.
28. A scar on Kelly.
29. Borgias' hip-flask.
30. To box.
31. Shortstop's pie.
32. A little more than more.
34. Lampreyer.
35. An infrequent buzzer.
37. A wretched life to lead.
38. Packed off.
40. Frequently before the bar.
41. Uneasy.
44. An aromatic plant.
45. Cultivated.
46. The ritz.
48. 3531 cu. feet. (pl.)
49. A clam's cousin.
51. Manner.
52. Stuffy.
53. Do this in a big way.
54. A silencer.
56. The last word in "blind tiger."
57. An obsolete form of baby.
58. Rookies are usually out of this.
60. Manufacturer's bedtime stories.
61. Big time.
64. That Graham cracker again.
66. For example.
68. This hangs from the trees in South America.

## Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | R | A | F | T | S | ■ | ■ | F | L | A | S | H | E | S |
| R | E | T | I | R | E | S | ■ | R | A | D | I | A | N | T |
| I | F | ■ | B | I | L | E | ■ | I | R | O | N | ■ | T | O |
| M | U | D | ■ | P | L | A | C | E | D | ■ | K | N | E | W |
| A | T | O | M | ■ | ■ | ■ | E | D | ■ | ■ | ■ | I | R | E |
| C | A | R | E | S | ■ | E | L | ■ | H | A | I | L | E | D |
| E | L | A | T | E | ■ | D | E | M | E | N | T | E | D | ■ |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | E | D | I | N | B | U | R | G | H | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | B | U | R | G | L | A | R | S | ■ | L | A | P | S | E |
| T | A | S | S | E | L | ■ | A | S | ■ | E | C | L | A | T |
| A | Y | E | ■ | ■ | ■ | A | T | ■ | ■ | ■ | A | U | T | O |
| B | O | D | Y | ■ | P | L | E | A | S | E | ■ | G | I | N |
| O | N | ■ | E | D | I | T | ■ | R | E | D | S | ■ | A | I |
| R | E | C | L | I | N | E | ■ | M | A | G | E | N | T | A |
| S | T | O | P | P | E | R | ■ | ■ | L | E | N | T | E | N |

## Radio Selections

*(All time given is Eastern Standard Time)*

**Thursday, November 21**

**8:00—Fleischmann Sunshine Hour.** WEAF, WEEI, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, KSD, WFJC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WWJ, WTMJ, WPTF, WBT, WJAX, WIOD, WHAS, WMC, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WSAI, KPRC, KOA, WEBC, WRVA, KSL, WOAI, WSM, KGO, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, WBAP, WAPI, KTHS, KPO. Well, well, here's our old friend Rudy Vallee.

**10:00—Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, KWK, WREN, KDKA, WGN, WCKY. This will get you on your feet.

**Friday, November 22**

**10:00—Bremer-Tully Time.** WABC, WCAU, WNAC, WEAN, WFBL, WMAK, WCAO, WJAS, WADC, WKRC, WGHP, WMAQ, KMOX, KOIL, WSPD, WHK, WLBW, WMAL, WISN, KMBC, WOWO, WCCO. Musical program built around an unusual idea.

**11:00—Jan Garber's Orchestra.** WDOD, WREC, WCAU, WJAS, WMAL, WGHP, WOWO, KDYL, KRRC, WNAC, WBRC, WKBN, WEAN, WSPD, WLBW, WKRC, WWNC, WKBW, KLZ, KOIL, KFH, KVI, WDBJ. New Yorkers will have to DX to get this but it's worth it.

**Saturday, November 23**

**9:00—General Electric Hour.** WEAF, WEEI, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLS, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WEBC, WJAX, WHAS, WMC, WSB, WBT, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, WRVA, WSAI, KSTP, WAPI, WKY, KOA, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSL, KGO, KFI. Symphony orchestra, and a few words by Floyd Gibbons.

**10:00—Paramount-Publix Hour.** WABC, WCAU, WNAC, WEAN, WFBL, WKBW, WCAO, WJAS, WADC, WKRC, WGHP, WOWO, KMBC, WBBM, KOIL, WSPD, WHK, WLBW, WMAL, WFBM, WHEC, WDBJ, WTAR, WWNC, WLAC, WDOD, WBRC, WREC, KLRA, KFJF, KRLD, TKSA, WCCO, WISN, WDSU, KLZ, KDYL, KHJ, KFRC, KOIN, KVI, KFPY, KMOX, WIBW, WHP, WKBN. Movie personalities desert the screen for the "mike."

**11:00—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.** WABC, WDOD, WREC, WCAU, WJAS, WCAO, WMAL, WGHP, WOWO, WNAC, WBRC, WEAN, WSPD, WLBW, WKRC, WWNC, WKBW, WHP, KLZ, KOIL, KEPY, KFH, KVI, KDYL, WDBJ. Slow, sweet music that's just made for dancing.

**11:30—Charles Strickland Park Central Orchestra.** WEAF, WCAE, WHO, WWJ, WDAF, WKY, WIOD, KSD. No doubt about it, New York sure has swell dance orchestras. This is one of them.

**Sunday, November 24**

**8:30—Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.** WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WFJC, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WOW, WLS, WDAF, WIOD, WHAS, WEBC, WMC, WSB, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, KPRC, WOAI, WHO, KVOO, WLIT. Including the ever welcome Phil Ohman and Victor Arden.

**9:15—D'Orsay's Parisienne Romance.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN, WCKY. Dramatic episodes with musical background.

**10:00—Arabesque.** WABC, WHK, WCCO, WDOD, WREC, WCAU, WJAS, WMAQ, WCAO, WMAL, WGHP, WNAC, WKBN, WEAN, WSPD, WADC, WLBW, WKRC, WFBM, WLAC, WWNC, WKBW, KLZ, KMBC, KFPY, KVI, KDYL, WDBJ. Oriental fantasy.

**Monday, November 25**

**8:30—A and P Gypsies.** WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WWJ, WSAI, WGN, KSD, WOC, WDAF, WTAM. String orchestra assisted by contralto and tenor.

**10:00—Ken Rad Cabin Nights.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, KYW, WKW, WREN, WHAM, KDKA. Musical sketch with a Southern accent.

**11:00—The Pepsodent Program.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KOA, KSL, WDAF, WRC, WLW, WMAQ. Amos 'n' Andy continue to be most entertaining.

**Tuesday, November 26**

**8:00—Main Street (WOR).** A rural sketch that delights city audiences.

**10:00—Clicquot Eskimos.** WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WJAR, WFI, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WWJ, WSAI, WOW, KYW, KSD, WHO, WDAF, KSTP, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WOAI, KOA, KSL, WTMJ, KPRC, WRVA, WBT, WJAX, WKY, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WEBC, WFAA, WTAG. One of the snappiest presentations on the air.

**10:30—C. A. Earl Orchestra.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN, KSTP, KOA, KSL, KGO, KOMO, KHQ, KGW, KFI. Phil Spitalny presents the latest in dance music assisted by able soloists.

**Wednesday, November 27**

**7:30—Westinghouse Salute.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, KYW, KWK, WREN, WEBC, WRVA, WPTF, WBT, WJAX, WIOD, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WOAI, KOA, WFAB, WCKY, KGO, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KFI. Some hundred and twenty radio actors present a musical program de luxe.

**8:00—Yeast Foamers.** WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WLW, WREN, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WFAB. Frothy songs and chatter.

**9:00—Ipana Troubadours.** WEAF, WEEI, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WWJ, WGN, KSD, WOC, WOW, WSAI, KSTP, WTMJ, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WBT, KVOO, KPRC, WOAI, KOA. This orchestra deserves the outstanding popularity it has won.

*Merlin The Second*


*"She thinks I was wildly extravagant in getting her that Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor and I'm just going to let her think so until she learns how useful it is."*

# give this juiceful Christmas gift

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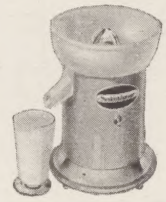

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Do you know a cynic scornful?
Give him Judge!
Would you heal his manner mournful?
Give him Judge!
For the kicker who is chronic
With a temper that's cyclonic
It's a never-failing tonic—
Give him Judge!

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## In Days of Old When Nights Were Quiet

Old King Cole was a merry old soul;
No monarch e'er was meeker;
For he never heard a single word
Of a neighbor's noisome speaker.

* * *

Sing a song of radio,
A pocket full of noise;
Four and twenty saxophones—
The Koffee Kollege Boys.
When the program opened
Those birds began to labor.
Wasn't that a noisy dish
To set before a neighbor?

—F. P. A. *in the New York World*

Ex-Service Caddie (to Colonel)—*Seems like old times, sir, dodgin' from crater to crater!*

—Tatler

Application has been made to convert a big distillery into a football stadium. This reverses the usual November process.

—H. I. Phillips *in the Evening Sun*

Cantor relayed one about Solly Violinsky, who was leaning against a post in the Commodore Hotel the other yawning after his experience in what Russ Crouse calls "the stuck market."

"What's the idea of staying up so late?" asked Eddie.

"Oh, am I sleepy?" almost wept Violinsky, "I had to give up my room at 4:30 yesterday morning. I had it on margin."

—Winchell *in the Daily Mirror*

New Elephant Trainer (to circus proprietor)—Sis seems a bit off color, so I thought you ought to 'ave a look at 'er.

*Circus Proprietor*—Have you given her anything?

"Yes, a couple of aspirins."

—*Pearson's*

Host—*Did ye say 'When' Angus?*
Guest—*Man, ah never even thocht it!*

—London Opinion

## Pagliacci

I met a clown whose makeup
Was tear-bedewed and sad;
He'd had a mental shakeup,
Or something just as bad.

His brow with grief was wrinkled,
And sorrow filled his eye;
His bells no longer tinkled,
His cap was on awry.

Remembering my romantics,
I thought: "He plays his part,
Although his funny antics
Conceal a broken heart."

So I approached him, saying:
"What sorrow racks your frame?
Has one you loved gone straying,
Have you known loss or shame?"

"Must you, with skies grown rainy,
And life completely wrong,
Enact the comic zany
To please the thoughtless throng?"

"Begone," he said; "you bore me.
Cut out the hokum tags—
The act that plays before me
Has swiped my two best gags!"

—Stoddard King *in the Spokane Spokesman*

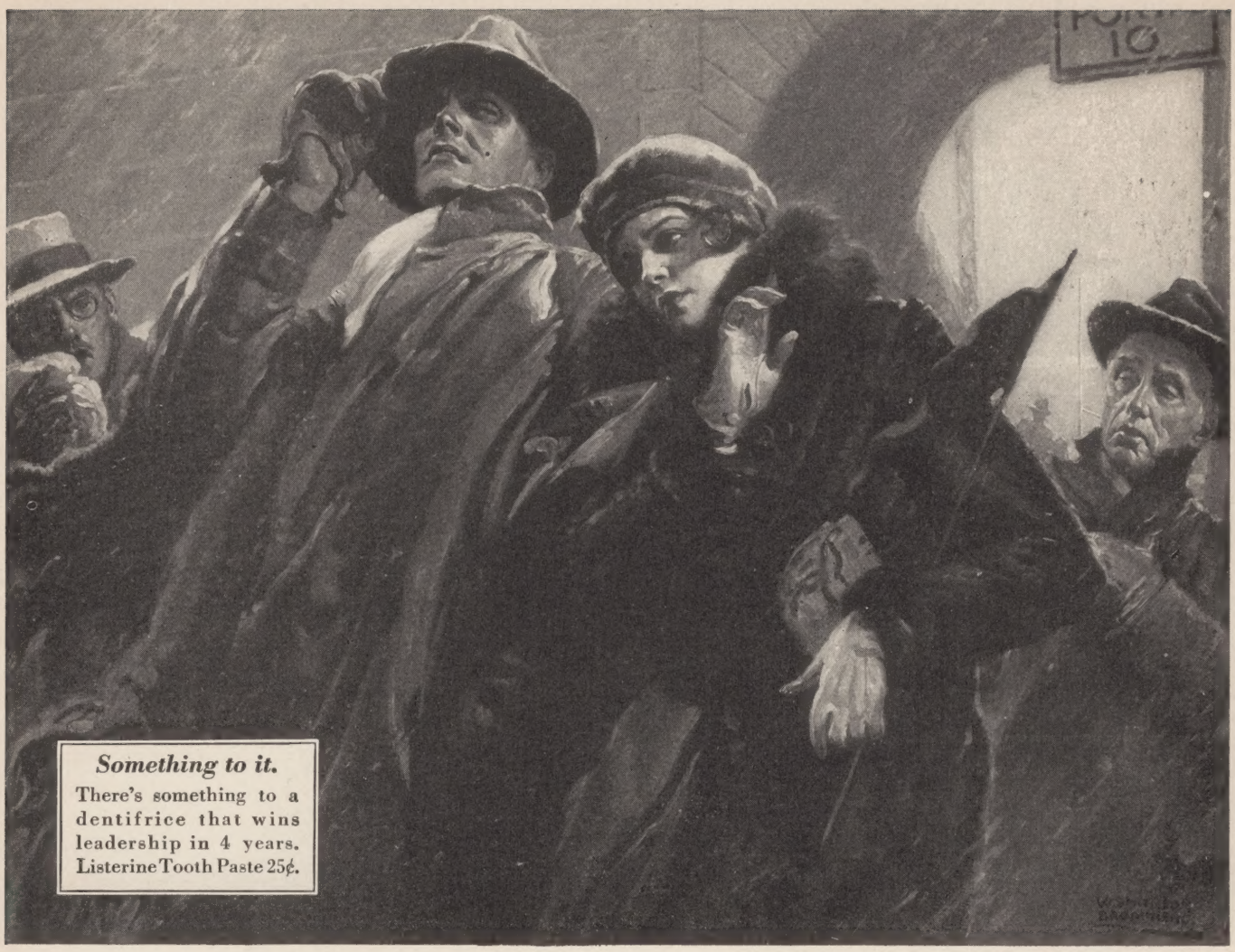
## Moanin' Low

There was a little stock
And it had a curly lock
Right in the middle of its forehead;
When it was high it was very, very good
But when it went low it was horrid.

—H. I. Phillips *in the Evening Sun*



EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, N. Y




# *Every Saturday... in every stadium...* SORE THROAT!

## Gargle with Listerine when you get home . . .

HERE, as any doctor will tell you, is a bit of sound wisdom for those who attend late season football games.

Before going, and after returning from them gargle with full strength Listerine. This pleasant little precaution may spare you a nasty siege with a cold or sore throat or their more dangerous complications.

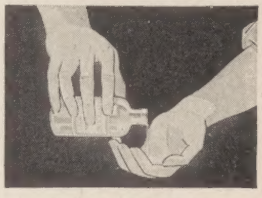
Medical records show that after football games, there is marked increase in the number of cases of colds . . . sore throat . . . influenza and bronchitis.

They are caused by germs in the mouth which get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by over exposure, change of temperature, and emotional disturbances, all of which are coincidental with seeing a football game.

Listerine checks them effectively because, used full strength, it is powerful against germs—kills them by the million.

Even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds, repeated laboratory tests show. Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Use Listerine systematically during winter weather. It is a pleasant habit, a cleanly habit, and one that may lengthen your life. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



**TO PREVENT COLDS**

Colds are often caused by germs transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. Rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal kills such germs. State Health Boards recommend similar measures particularly during epidemics of influenza.

**KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS**

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# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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